

Exodus (2013 re-edit)

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Summary: A more mature, better-written version of my original story. Elsewhere in the Halo: Reach mission Exodus. (I am the original author- formerly ShuffelinZombie)

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Planet Reach 8/13/2552

Spartan III squad S15, on ground; en-route to civilian evac site 221

Coordinates: 12-82-35 (New Alexandria)

5.82KM from site 221

Last Transport scheduled for departure in 1.32hr(s)

* * *

><p>"Jack? Jack? What are you doing? The Sergeant said to retreat! We have to go NOW!"<p>

"Just a second, we've got another civilian. Male. Around 8-10 years, max. Still room on the transport for children?"

"Why are you telling me his age? We judge by seating left, not size."

"No, Brad, the civilian transport has different seats and safety precautions for smaller people. Right?"

"No, all those ones were blown up. We're dealing with Pelicans now, not commercial vehicles."

"Oh." Well, so much for that.

"Get up, kid." I commanded, pulling him to his feet with my weapon stabilizing hand. "Are you hurt?"

He gave a quick shake of his head, and scratched some of the desert dust off of his shirt. I don't know where he came from, and I don't speak whatever language he speaks (he understood me, so maybe he's okay with English), I don't know who he is, or why he matters, but I'll save him.

Like I wouldn't.

This landscape is ridiculous. A desert, right beside a lush, green city? Well, we wouldn't be shooting if it were right beside the city. The evacuation site is in there. We need to get inside.

Shots ring out, some explosives go off near our position, and I find myself temporarily deaf. Too suddenly we're fighting again. The kid dives for cover, and I go in after him.

When this war started, I thought 'Aliens? Really?' We call them the Covenant, some organization of alien species come to kill us all. So cliché, yet extremely scary. And here I am now, fighting aliens.

My free hand reaching to pull the kid up out of his tangled limbs, and I duck, unable to return fire. These are the situations backup is for. Speaking of... Here they come. The three Spartan super soldiers that have been our Guardian Angels for five days worth of war now. They fire, never missing a shot. Genetic alterations have the benefits of good accuracy. But not invincibility. The white Spartan in front is taking a beating. Her armour begins to glow yellow, and an alarm goes off in my head. Yellow equals low shields. And there are alien commandos (Elites) nearby. With Energy swords. No Shields plus energy swords equal dead Spartan.

Too close. They're getting too close.

"Sara! Get to cover!" commands Sergeant Eric, the green outfitted Spartan nearest us.

"I know. I know!"

Too late... again. The nearest elite drops his gun and pulls some object off his magnetic sidearm holster. A crackle and...

"Oh God! Energy sword! Get to cover!"

Still too late. Sara drops her gun and pulls out her combat knife. And all I can do is watch.

"I've got this!" She says, a not-so-subtle command to back off. If we shoot and miss by even an inch, she's dead.

The Elite lunges at her, and she barrel rolls to the left. She dives at him, going for a torso stab, but it literally just bounces off.

He laughs. And runs her through.

"Fuck! Sara! Return fire, men! NOW!"

We empty entire clips towards him, but his shields hold. He arms a plasma grenade and lobs it at a Marine, in cover behind a large piece of debris.

"Oh, Shi-!"

An electronic-sounding explosion. Rubble and chunks of human flesh fly everywhere.

Then the thing comes for me.

I grab the child and run, doing my best to keep him out of harm's way. But I'm stuck between the Elite and a hard place (a giant wall.) But I'm not worried. Here comes Eric. And... He's got hold of the monster, arms around his head, and he snaps the thing's neck in a single, smooth motion.

I let out a sigh of relief.

"Do we call for a medic?" I ask.

"No. She's gone, Jack. You're with me. You, Lieutenant Bradley." He motions to my second-in-command. "Take the boy and go with Grant."

He nods to the other Spartan, purple against the desert sand.

"We'll meet up at the EZ. Got it?"

"SIR!" Everyone salutes in acknowledgement.

So we move out; into the never-ending post-apocalyptic wasteland I'm sworn to protect.

I pray for us all.

End
file.